feet high, bare and bleak on their northern side, but on the southern flank covered in many places with stunted cedar and juniper trees. The main caravan road south of the Ma-Chu leads, by a gradual ascent, over this range, the top of the pass being marked by seven large obos (huge piles of stones placed to show the direction of the road to traders), with rags of every size and description waving from them, which are visible for miles on all sides.

A PICTURESQUE HEATHEN.

The head man of this village lived in two large tents erected on top of a cellar-like structure similar to the ordinary native dwellings. He was a stout man of forty, and so friendly disposed that immediately we felt our opinion of Golok characteristics taking an upward bound. As soon as the tents were pitched he sent a messenger to invite us to his own abode, in order that he might see with his own eyes the "wonderful white strangers," of whose presence in the district he had been already informed. This messenger was none other than his principal wife, and she certainly was the most curious specimen of an aboriginal envoy. In stature she was a veritable giantess and stalked about with a determined mien that threatened ill to any rash man who would strive to cross her purpose. In order that the mission on which she was now embarked should not be deficient in due pomp and ceremony, she was mounted on a long-backed, restless little pony with a scraggy tail, crop-eared, and the mane looking as if rats had eaten part of it, coupled with an appalling thinness of frame; in short, such an animal as the worthy Don Quixote would have gone into ecstacies over. She rode a-straddle, and wore a conical iron pot for a hat, and an imposing array of garments, chief among which a long scarlet duba cape fluttered from her shivering shoulders with the flaunting ostentation of a Roman emperor's toga.

Unto the tender mercies of this Amazon we consigned ourselves and in due time arrived at the abode of the head man, managing, after much labor, to grope our way through the gloom of the tent and undergo with passive humility the hilariously effusive welcome with which he greeted us. A dozen greasy-looking officials were gathered round the fire, engaged in superintending the cooking of a savory mess soon to soothe their hunger. They at first took no notice of us, but anxious to cement the bonds of good-fellowship we threw scruples of civilized etiquette to the winds, and at once elbowed among them for a seat round the fire. The one next to me, on my right, seemed a little struck by our easy ways; he put his hands on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated and without further ado took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff with a fortitude that overcame the qualms of nausea, and, not to be thought fastidious, scrambled with them for the lumps of meat and altogether gave an impression of ribald camaraderie, which tickled them immensely. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe, until the well-springs of amiability being opened by this friendly conviviality, he gave me to understand that we should be fast friends, at which I slapped him heartily on the back and cried out, "tra-tra" (good, good), having heard him use that word apparently with a knowledge of its meaning.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

After feasting and smoking for some time we felt that we had done all that duty or necessity required and were preparing to depart, when a gesture from the head man stayed us. At a nod from the latter, one of the guests, a sickly and sentimental young man, brought out a sort of rude guitar, formed by stretching several yak sinews over a base of dried sheepskin, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. The whole assemblage joined in without the least respect to harmony, we fulfilling our part by whistling "Yankee Doodle" at the top of our lungs, forming a strange concatenation of mournful wailings, shrill screeches, groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. I was surprised in the course of this Appolonian function to see my whilom friend begin to undress and wondered what strange ceremony this action was preliminary to; but it was harmless, merely a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and vermin. Even this outrage of the civilized code of manner might have been condoned, but we suddenly found our interest in the event waning, when, having completed this necessary operation, he took off his hat and disclosed a wound, raw, gory and ghastly, which he desired us to examine with as much show of pride and circumstance as a connoisseur of art would invite the most enthusiastic amateur to examine some dainty vase or piece of bric-a-brac. We could bear up with pipe, food and musical outrage, but this was a little too much, even for our equanimity, and we seized the opportunity to beat an undignified retreat to our tents.

A DISEASED PEOPLE.

From protracted sojourn among them we discovered, in spite of their apparently rugged and healthy appearance, that the Goloks are by no means a healthy people. Malignant skin diseases, as among the Thibetans and Mongols, are common ailments, but, in addition, among these mountain tribes consumption and violent lung affections carry off many victims. An old man, evidently in the last stages of the former dread disease, came to us to be treated, as he was convinced that we had medicine or magic potions that would be of use to him. I gave him a packet of seidlitz powders, the effervescing of which surprised him very much and whose curative principles must have worked marvelously, for before we started he brought a small bag of tsamba to reward us for curing him, showing the results that may be accomplished from a very vivid imagination. The unfortunate wretch was clearly beyond all human aid, but it was agreeable to think that he had now received some "magic powder" from the great white men and, therefore, must be cured, and, realizing that he was not for many days in this world, we could not find it in our hearts to disillusionize him, or to blame ourselves for thus deceiving him.

Among our numerous visitors this morning was a traveling musician, attended by two boys, evidencing the love of the Golok for music; this, the oldest of the arts, by a strange anomaly, seems to possess an inordinate fascination for nearly all the semi-barbarous tribes and races throughout Thibet and central Asia. His instrument was a violin, made of the upper half of a human skull, with three strings of horse-hair, not in single hairs, but a number for each string, tightly twisted and greased, the bow the same. The body of the instrument was formed by the half-skull, the bridge, two cross-sticks; the top, a piece of sheepskin stretched tightly over the edges, the neck being about two feet long, ornamented with numerous small double-headed, drum-like utensils filled with stones, which accompanied the hoarse scraping of the instrument itself. The boys had larger drums, similar in construction, with which they kept time by holding them in one hand and beating them against the other. The musician wore the yellow hat and coat of a lay lama, and such we learned he was, belonging to a monastery near Artchoun, to the north of the Ma-Chu, traveling through the country in the dual capacity of ministering to the temporal and spiritual needs of his wild disciples. He was an old man, with a pleasing expression of mingled half-roguery, half-merriment, which added greatly to the drollness of his general appearance, and he would have been a welcome visitor but that his music was so indifferent in quality, if not quantity. He accompanied his instrument with his voice, the boys joining in the chorus, and sometimes the eager group of spectators. His songs were extempore and we should have taken them down, as they were spoken in Mongol, but as they were mostly devoted to extolling our own numerous virtues and grandiloquent attainments in the most extravagant terms, modesty forbade.

In addition to his musical performance, this individual was also fitted to take upon himself the role of a remarkably clever ventriloquist and magician, holding a very protracted confab with various imaginary spirits hovering about. However easily we saw through his clever performance, it had a marked effect on the credulous natives, who, instead of being satisfied with what they already possessed in concrete and palpable form, must needs turn over to this charlatan all their little possessions in order to discover what the future might hold in store. How even the most superstitious and confiding savages can be so blind to every element in the code of common sense as to be duped by these clever rascals is something that the traveler in Thibet is incapable of understanding, but it does not take one long to appreciate the fact that when the chance of acquiring visionary future wealth is at stake, nothing is impossible. The Mongol and Thibetan, and all their kind, kith and kin, have no time for small things—those elements of industry and application to the sterner necessities of life which go to make up the real thrift and prosperity of the country. It is always wonderful future good fortune, Monte Cristo dreams of untold opulence, that attract his untutored and unreasoning mind; if they bring no direct and substantial remuneration they at least afford him the pleasure of continually dwelling in a state of eager expectation of some day finding prophecies of blade bones and magic charms realized in material form, though with this visionary and more fleeting substance, strange to say, he is fully as happy and contented.

SURE CURE.

Mrs. Jones—Doctor, my husband snores so loudly that I can't sleep. What had I better get for him?

Doctor Phil Graves—An ax.

THE BRITON'S SEA BATH.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.)

high, never anything but cool nights, and never in the daytime any temperature that was oppressive, or which any visitor from America would think other than delightfully all right.

THE BRITON LOVES SPORT.

One is impressed even at the seaside with the devotion of the English to sports and amusements. Daily as the tide receded, leaving its unusual length of almost level sand, would the boys go out and pitch wickets for a little attempt at the national game. Every English boy loves cricket, and every English old man who began life as a boy still loves this game in his old age. In a match the other day between neighboring corporations one of the players was eighty-two. There are many who say that the South African war would have been ended long ere this only for the tendency of English officers to sacrifice war to sport. More than once the Boers have surprised them in the indulgence of this national weakness with the most serious consequences. They were not caught "napping," they were caught playing cricket. But it's a glorious game for those who have plenty of leisure, as these holiday-loving Englishmen seem always to have. Between cricket and baseball the difference in time is the difference between two or three hours and two or three days, and isn't that, when you come to think of it, about the difference in quickness and adaptability between the two nations which severally have made cricket and baseball their national games? But I advise my readers not to put this question in just this form to any Englishman.

Of indoor amusements these English watering places afford more than would be possible, more than could obtain a paying support, in a climate of our own. The roof garden is a form of the American invasion which hasn't yet materialized. In London the amusement halls are no better ventilated in summer than in winter, and it's the same even at the watering places. The Pier Pavilion is only a fancy name for a room about as close as they make them, and the entertainment it offers is more endurable than it would be in a city only because between acts you can go outside and get the sea breezes. But two theaters open every night and with their reproductions of popular London plays drawing a good patronage, is rather unusual, one would think, and I thought it decidedly unusual that a place no larger than this should one evening have yielded its quota of patrons of two theaters, and should then have had left the thousand or more who attended a beautiful out-door production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

THE REAL AMUSEMENT.

But the real, ever-continuing amusement of this English watering place is to be found on what is called the Parade, a smooth concrete walk, about forty feet in width, slightly elevated and bordering on the sea. The English are still great walkers. A Cambridge don thought nothing of doing his ten miles in the morning. In this feat he usually footed it from our quieter resort to big, bustling, beautiful Brighton; sometimes, too, he would walk all the way back, making his ordinary ten the rare English treat of a twenty-mile jaunt. The climate makes walking a delight. The average Englishman's notion of a good time is to have a good walk, and this used to be true of English women, but in these days the fashions in dress are a decided handicap on feminine pedestrianism. The tendency here isn't at all toward short skirts and a plain street dress, but the very opposite. Trailing skirts which must be held up if they are not to serve as street sweepers; soft, clinging materials which serve admirably to reveal the form but do not conduce to freedom of movement—that's the style in England whether you see it in the tony shopping quarters of London, in the Sunday dress parades of Hyde Park, or on show at any of the watering places.

And apropos of women, they so far outnumbered the men wherever one went at this resort, or at any others on that beautiful south coast, as to make the last census report a million more of the fair than the other sex an almost self-evident truism. Delightfully self-evident, too, for these female English cousins of ours, when they are of the better class, are tall and well formed and have beautiful complexions. They seem determined not to fail of this latter distinction however much it may be necessary to reinforce nature by art. And not only are they beautiful to look at, but as they pass and repass on the parade you cannot help admiring the subdued and melodious tones in which they carry on conversation. Their charming voices are certainly one of their greatest charms, and yet it is not alone the tone of the voice that makes it so pleasing; it is the underlying spirit of courtesy and gentleness. An American woman, not any too romantic, said the other day that she spoke to the English ladies on the beach as often as she could, on any conceivable pretext, just for the pleasure of hearing their reply, for it always came in a spirit of the most perfect politeness and in cadences that delighted the ear.

ANOTHER DIVERSION.

Next to promenading, the favorite diversion at the English seaside is sitting; not in the sands so very much—we are all dressed rather too fine for that. So we take chairs, and, of course, have to rent them. I had hoped comfortable seats might be free somewhere in England, but the resort at which they are is still, I fear, a far-distant Eldorado. There is one place, they say, where a local magnate furnished such seats. Besides being public-spirited this man was much given to the use or misuse of Scripture, the result being that the seats had this inscription upon them: "Presented by John Jones—the sea is His and He made it." But no erratic genius of this kind furnished free sittings at that beautiful resort on the south coast. You got free use of a chair only if you paid a penny, and if you wished an adjustable deck chair with a canopy top for a sunshade you must pay twopence, which was little enough considering the luxury you got, especially if, while resting so comfortably, your eyes and other faculties were well used in the study of your surroundings.

Only for what the census had told us one might not have noticed particularly the large number of children at this resort. But here they are, of all ages and sizes. The nurse and the baby carriage are ubiquitous, and you begin to think that, in reporting the birth rate to be on the decline, English statisticians must have made a miscount. For the better-to-do children the most stylish and most popular form of diversion is a ride in the beautiful carriages that are drawn by goats. There is Cinderella's coach, a gorgeous fancy in red and yellow; also a miniature state coach of decided beauty, with Victorias, broughams, surreys, dog carts and many other kinds, all generously patronized, and the whole array making at certain hours one of the most pleasing features of the parade. But motor cars are also in great plenty here. Several that are for hire carry eight persons each, beside the driver. Since the King fell a victim motor carring spreads like the plague.

THE ESSENTIAL DONKEY CART.

There is, however, one English institution that will probably always hold its own whether against motor cars or goat carts or even flying machines, and that is the esteemed English donkey cart. Every well-regulated English establishment has one for the diversion of the little folks. You find them, of course, at all resorts and in some of the country places there are many people of position who still keep a donkey cart to ride to church and go to market in. I know one English vicar who does, and it's been a question with me whether their large and long experience in trying to make donkeys go hasn't had a large share in developing in the English race that stock of patience which has made them universally successful as colonizers and civilizers. Those who can overcome the foibles of the patient ass can easily take up the other white man's burdens.

At night the parade is crowded to hear the band and see the sights. One night there was a carnival, and everyone had to take good-naturedly whatever fell to his lot. The coarser set used up their superfluous energy in the typical English pastime of throwing at the cocoanut, or, if they wanted something more warlike, they tried to throw a club in such a way as to knock clay pipes out of the mouths of repulsive figures that were labeled Kruger, Det Wet, Steyn, etc. What followed might have been worse, but it wasn't pleasant to have water squirted in your face, and one might perhaps have taken with better grace the showers of rice and confetti had he been one of the happy principals at a wedding. On ordinary nights the side of the parade toward the sea presented a mixture of amusement and religion which everyone could take in according to his natural or gracious bent. Here was the children's service, made attractive by the Chinese lanterns that illuminated it, and close by was another children's service which seemed to be much better patronized, viz., a Punch and Judy show. Strolling singers, for a penny in the slot, would give you really fine renditions of "Ben Bolt" or "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and then you could pass on if you wished and never fail of finding somewhere a meeting of the ever present and ever useful Salvation Army.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

ACTRESSES' LAUNDRY.

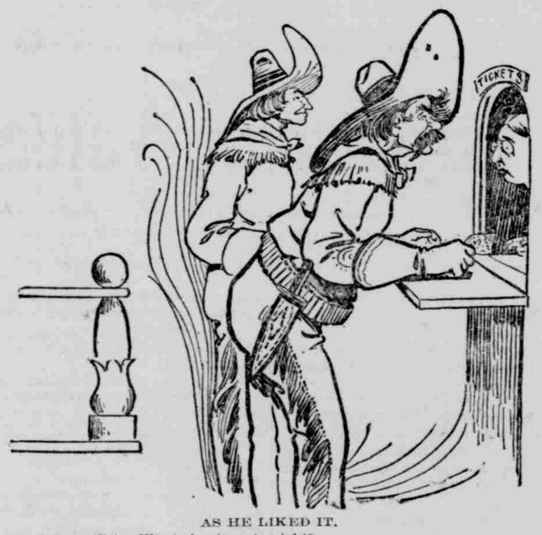
(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.)

oppose any such innovation." And there the matter ended.

At the Comedie the costumes are the property of the Actors' and Actresses' Association, and the wardrobe of this playhouse, accumulated since the days of Louis XIV, is practically above valuation. The Comedie, as well as the other theaters named, possess elaborate designing offices, under the guidance of great pictorial artists, who can be relied upon to depict periods and persons correctly. The Comedie's archives include 200,000 drawings by costume artists of the past three centuries, while portraits of historical personages are copied direct from paintings in the best galleries.

ACTRESSES AND COSTUMES.

When the designer has finished his sketches, they are submitted to the actor or actress for whom the costume is intended. Men are easily convinced that a costume must be thus, and not otherwise, but women usually make trouble, pleading complexion, physical advantages or infirmities. However, the artistic principle is bound to triumph over female hysterics in a French theater of the first class.



AS HE LIKED IT.

Arizona Pete—What play is on to-night?

Ticket Agent—"As You Like It."

Arizona Pete—Well, give us either de "Black Crook" er sumpthin with a train robbery in it.

Paris managers never throw away a costume, however old or soiled, as experience shows that it will come in for use, whole or in parts, some day; the same sort of reasoning makes them keep their eyes open for bargains all the time. If a great dry goods house or a manufacturer smashes up, the theatrical manager is on hand to buy such stock as might be needed in his establishment to-morrow or ten years from now. Some little time ago the Grand Opera House bought 5,000 yards of peculiarly colored velvet from a bankrupt merchant at 6 francs per yard; regular price, 25 francs per yard. In the same way dresses and other habiliments of noted grand dames and notorious demimondaines are acquired when chance favors their sale. These costumes do excellently well for "walking ladies," chorus people, etc.

On the whole, Paris managers, taking their profession seriously, endeavor, above all, to make costume and play harmonize together. Here you never see a princess, who is a princess, dressed in a gingham frock at 19 sous per yard, or a typewriter girl in a rig, worth 2,000 francs. Costumes that belie the part are strictly tabooed in all good theaters, though some leniency is shown toward the ballet girls at the Grand Opera and Opera Comique. After years of warfare and fines, the state and management have resolved to shut their eyes when peasant women in linen skirts and sabots exhibit diamonds valued at 50,000 francs, or when the Moorish girls in the opera "Cid" sport crosses of turquoise and emeralds. These dancers are incorrigible, don't care a rap for art and for logic still less.

Everything isn't velvet, however, with French actors and actresses, despite free clothes, and underwear, and shoes, and laundry, for part of the savings so effected is invariably claimed by the chief of the claque, that is the official applause-maker, attached to each Paris theater. This gentleman not only makes reputations, he unmakes them, too—for a consideration. Thus Mlle. X. may not be able to "get a hand," because her jealous rival, Mlle. Y., has paid the chief of the claque to ignore the other dame. And if Mlle. X. should decide to employ a second claquer, why, the original applause-producer will indulge in hissing and catcalls. But that is another story.

MARK TWAIN, INVENTOR.

He Has Taken Out Patents for Several Useful Articles.

Harper's Weekly.

A many-sided man indeed is Mark Twain. All the world knows him as author, for he has carried more than one generation of his countrymen to the verge of hysterics, and in England they have published him with annotations. Half the world knows him as pioneer and editor, for his books are liberally peppered with his adventures in those capacities. A lesser class knows him as a pilot, for some of the best stories he ever wrote are connected with the old times on the Mississippi. The cabmen of New York know him as a civic reformer. A select group know him as a soldier, for he told them one night at dinner about his campaigns. How many know him as an inventor—not of facts, of course, but of things? Probably not a dozen employes of the Patent Office, for on their books he figured as plain Samuel L. Clemens, of Hartford. For all the note the clerks take of the hundreds of thousands of names which pass under their eyes, he might just as well have been John Smith, of Podunk Centre.

Yet here they are: A patent issued in December, 1871, for an "improvement in adjustable and detachable straps for garments," introduces us to the buckle-strap commonly used at the backs of waistcoats and trousers, but so made as to be buttoned on instead of sewed fast to the garment. Why any one who loves ease as well as Mark Twain should have wished to increase the labors of the toilet by needless unbuttoning and buttoning again is a mystery. He evidently does not care to solve it for us. With one of those whimsical twists which he cannot keep out of even the unpicturesque details of a business document, he leads the reader up to the point where inventors usually expatiate upon the special merits of their devices, and then says of his simply that the advantages of such an adjustable strap "are so obvious that they need no explanation."

His second patent, granted two years later, we do find in use, though few persons who own a "Mark Twain scrapbook" suppose it to bear his name for any better reason than that which attaches the name of a noted man to a cigar or a traveling bag. Come to think of it, though, is there not something marktwanish about a scrapbook in which all the work of pasting is already done except furnishing the clippings?

There is a third patent, issued in 1885, for an invention far more elaborate than either of the others. This is described merely as a "game apparatus." It provides that two cards, known respectively as a "player's chart" and an "umpire's chart," ruled off for writing the numbers of a series of years and with a hole opposite each year. One player announces that he will stick a pin opposite a certain year and mention an event which occurred then. He mentions the event and an umpire decides whether this is right. If so, he is permitted to stick his pin in as threatened; otherwise not. "In this manner," says the inventor, "the game is played until one player has placed a certain stipulated number of pins in the holes of his chart."

Tradition in the Clemens family represents its most distinguished member as having, at one period in his life, cherished dreams of becoming a great inventor and amassing a fortune, just as Goethe aspired to science, Greeley to agriculture and Nast to covering big canvases with historic battle scenes. On the success of the Jumping Frog must rest the blame of checking the current of his career and reducing him to his present unhappy state as the first of living humorists.

LUCK OF D. O. MILLS.

Even His Philanthropies Bring Him Cash Returns.

New York Press.

One of the oldest of living forty-niners is D. O. Mills, of this city, now in his seventy-seventh year. For many years on the Pacific coast the remark most frequently made of a man who had been fortunate in a financial sense was, "He's got the luck of D. O. Mills." Mr. Mills possessed then, as he does now, the gift the gods bestowed upon Midas. All he touched turned to gold. But he had too much sense to touch his food and turn that to gold. In that respect he had a special dispensation. It is not known which river Mr. Mills bathes in, but it rolls over golden sands. He is more practically philanthropic than Andrew Carnegie. The little Scot actually turns loose when he gives, but Mr. Mills, while generous to the last degree and with a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, positively prospers in undertakings which he hopes may depiete his purse. Consider the Mills Hotel, or "Mills Palace," as my old friend George Francis Train styles it. He expected to endow it, and, to his amazement, it is a money maker.

Mr. Mills's idea was that the majority of frequenters of the Mills Hotel would be laborers, but experience has shown that almost the entire patronage has come from small-salaried clerks and shop assistants, bachelors, bookkeepers, struggling professional men and reduced gentlemen. I happen to know one lodger whose father is an honored merchant prince in Broadway. He tells me that he can name a dozen castoffs there, such as he is. Respectable men from all parts of the country who come here to seek employment "put up" at No. 1. Rooms cost from 20 to 30 cents a night, and the regulations are such that lodgers are bound to keep pretty straight. The great office buildings in the lower part of the city, costing millions, pay on an average about 1½ per cent. annually on the investment. The Mills Hotel, I am informed, pays much more.